187

Accessions
151,667

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THE BALL.

A COMEDY;

As it vvas presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by { *George Chapman*, and *James Shirly*.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*.
1639.

The Persons of the Comedy.

Lord Kainebow.
Sir Ambrose Lamount.
Sir Marmaduke Travers.
Coronell Winfield.
Mr. Bostocke.
Mr. Freshwater.
Mr. Barker.
Mounsieur Le Friske.
Gudgin.
Solomon.
Confectioner.
Servants.

Lady *Lucina.*
Lady *Rosamond.*
Lady *Honoria.*
Mistrisse *Scutilla.*
Venus.
Diana.

151.667
May 1873

THE BALL.

Actus Primus.

Enter Sr. *Marmaduke Travers, and* Mr. *Bostocke.*

Bos.

WHether so fast Sr. *Marmaduke*, a word. (stay

Mar. My honorable blood? wod I could
To give thee twentie, I am now engag'd
To meete a noble Gentleman.

Bos. Or rather
A Gentlewoman, let her alone, and goe
With me.

Ma. Whether.

Bo. Ile shew thee a Lady of fire.

Ma. A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

Bo. I meane a spirit in few words, because
I love thee, Ile be open, I am going
To see my Mistresse.

Ma. Ile despence with my
Occasion to see a hansome Lady,
I know you'le chuse a rare one.

Bo. She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides, thou canst not chuse
But know her name, the Lady *Lucina*.

Ma. Is she your Mistresse?

Bo. Mine, whose but mine?

Am I not nobly borne, does not my blood
Deserve her?
Ma. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A Complement from one that is your rivall.
Bo. Does she love any body else?
Ma. I know not,
But shee has halfe a score upon my knowledge
Are sutors for her favour.
Bo. Name but one,
And if he cannot shew as many coates.
Ma. He thinkes he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.
Bo. Be an understanding Knight,
And take my meaning, if he cannot shew
As much in Heraldry.
Ma. I doe not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.
Bo. Is he a branch of the Nobilitie,
How many Lords can he call cozen? else
He must be taught to know he has presum'd
To stand in competition with me.
Ma. You wonot kill him.
Bo. You shall pardon mē,
I have that within me must not be provok'd,
There be some living now that ha beene kill'd
For lesser matters.
Ma. Some living that ha beēne kill'd!
Bo. I meane some living that ha seene examples,
Not to confront Nobilitie, and I
Am sensible of my honour.
Ma. His name is
Sr. *Ambrose*.
Bo. *Lamount* a Knight of yēsterday,
And he shall die to morrow, name another.
Ma. Not so fast Sir. you must take some breath.
Bo. I care no more for killing halfe a dozen
Knights of the lower house, I meane that are not

Descended from Nobilitie, then I doe
To kicke any footeman, and Sr. *Ambrose* were
Knight of the Sunne, King *Oberon* should not save him,
Nor his Queene *Mab*.

Enter Sr. *Ambrose Lamount*.

Ma. Vnluckily hees her'e sir.

Bo. Sr. *Ambrose*
How does thy Knighthood? ha,

Am. My Nimph of honour well, I joy to see thee,

Bo. Sr. *Marmaduke* tells me thou art sutor to
Lady *Lucina*.

Am. I have ambition
To be her servant.

Bos. Hast, thar't a brave Knight, and I commend
Thy judgement.

Am. Sr *Marmaduke* himselfe leanes that way too.

Bo. Why didst conceale it, come, the more the merrier,
But I could never see you there.

Ma. I hope
Sir we may live.

Bo. Ile tell you Gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one Livery,
I serve that Lady too, you understand me,
But who shall carry her, the fates determine,
I could be knighted too.

Am. That would be no addition to
Your blood.

Bo. I thinke it would not, so my Lord told me,
Thou know'st my Lord, not the Earle, my tother
Cozen, theres a sparke his predecessors
Have match'd into the blood, you understand
He put me upon this Lady, I proclaime
No hopes, pray lets together Gentlemen;
If she be wise, I say no more, shee shanot
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword, I ha vow'd that.

Ma. You did but jest before.

Am. Twere pitty that one drop

Of your Heroicke blood ſhould fall toth' ground,
Who knowes but all your cozen Lords may die.
Ma. As I beleeve them not immortall ſir.
Am. Then you are gulfe of honour ſwallow all,
May marry ſome Queene your ſelfe, and get Princes
To furniſh the barren parts of Chriſtendome.

Enter a ſervant Solomon.

Sol. Sir *Marmaduke* in private? my Lady wod
Speake with you.
Am. Tis her ſervant, whats the matter?
Bo. I hope he is not ſent for.
Sol. But come alone, I ſhall be troubled
With their inquiries, but Ile anſwer 'em.
Am. Solomon?
Sol. My Lady would ſpeake with you ſir.
Am. Mee?
Sol. Not too loude, I was troubled with Sr. *Marmaduke.*
Mar. This is good newes.
Bo. I doe not like this whiſpering,
Sol. Forget not the time, and to come alone.
Am. This is excellent.
Bo. Solomon, doſt not know mē?
Sol. My buſineſſe is to you ſir, theſe
Kept me off, my Lady *Lucina*
Has a great minde to ſpeake with you,
Little doe theſe imagine how ſhe honours me.
Bo. If I faile, may the Surgeon
When he opens the next veine, let out all my honorable blood,
There's for thy paines, what thou ſhalt be hereafter
Time ſhall declare, but this muſt be conceal'd. *Exit.*
Am. You looke pleaſant.
Ma. No, no I have no cauſe, you ſmile Sr. *Ambroſe.*
Am. Who I? the Coronell.

Enter the Coronell.

Ma. But of our file, another of her ſuitors.
Am. Noble Coronell.
Co. My honored Knights, and men of luſtie kindred.
Bo. Good morrow.

Co. Morrow to all Gentlemen, Ile tell you
Who is return'd?
Am. From whencē.
Co. A friend of ours that went to travell.
Ma. Who, who? (how I
Co. I saw him within theſe three minuts, and know not
Loſt him agen, he's not farre off, dee keepe a Catalogue
Of your debts.
Bo. What debts?
Co. Such dulneſſe in your mēmory, there was
About ſixe moneths ago a Gentleman
That was perſwaded to ſell all his land,
And to put the money out moſt wiſely,
To have for one at his returne from *Venice*,
The ſhotten Herring, is hard by.
Am. *Jacke Freſhwater*, Ile not ſee him yet.
Bo. Muſt we pay him?
Co. It will be for your honour, marry wee
Without much ſtaine, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing.
Enter Freſhwater, and Mounſieur Le Friske.
Here comes the thing
With what formalitie he treades, and talkes,
And manageth a toothpicke like a Stateſman.
Am. How hee's transform'd?
Ma. Is not his ſoule *Italian*?
Bo. Ile not bid him welcome homē.
Am. Nor I.
Ma. Whats thē tother Rat thats with him?
Co. Dee not know him, tis the Court dancing Weeſill.
Ma. A Dancer, and ſo gay.
Co. A meere *French* footeman Sir, does hē not looke
Like a thing come off oth' Saltſellar.
Ma. A Dancer?
I would allow him gay about the legges,
But why his body ſhould exceede decorum,
Is a ſinne oth' ſtate.
Fre. Thats all.

I can informe you of their dance in *Italy*,
Marry that very morning I left *Venice*,
I had intelligence of a new device.
Mon. For the dance Mounſieur.
Fre. Si Signior, I know not
What countryman invented, but they ſay
There be Chopinoes made with ſuch rare art,
That worne by a Lady when ſhe meanes to dance,
Shall with their very motion ſound forth muſicke,
And by a ſecret ſympathy with their tread
Strike any tune that without other inſtrument,
Their feete both dance and play.
Mon. Your lodging Mounſieur,
That when I have leaſure I may dare
Preſent an humble ſervitor.
Fre. I do ly
At the ſigne of *Dona Margaretta de Pia*
In the Strand.
Gud. At the Magget a Pie in the Strand ſir.
Mon. At *de Magdepie boon adieu ſerviteur.* *Exit.*
Am. He wonot know us.
Gud. Dee ſee thoſe Gentlemen.
Fre. Thou Platalone be ſilent.
Co. Ile ſpeake to him,
Yare welcome home ſir.
Fre. Signior. *Exit.*
Co. He wonot know me, this is excellent,
He ſhall be acquainted better, ere I part
With any ſommes.
Am. Next time weele not know him.
Bo. Would all my creditors had this bleſſed ignorance.
Ma. Now Coronell I'le take my leave.
Bo. I am enga'd too. *Exeunt.*
Co. Well.
Bo. I ſhall meete you anon,
I am to waite upon a coſin of mine.
Co. A Counteſſe.
Bo. My Lord? *Enter Lord Rainebow and Barker.*

Lo.

Lor. Cosin.
Bo. Your Lordship honours me in this acknowledgement.
Lo. Coronell.
Bo. Dee not know me sir? (take notice on,
Ba. Yare not a proclamation that every man is bound to
And I cannot tell who you are by instinct.
Lo. A kinsman of mine *Franke*?
Co. Good morrow to your Lordship.
Lo. Coronell? your humble servant, harke you *Franke*.
Bo. You are acquainted with my Lord then,
Is he not a compleate Gentleman? his family
Came in with the Conqueror.
Co. You had not else beene kinne to him.
Bo. A poore slip, a syens from that honourable tree.
Co. He is the Ladies Idoll, they ha not leasure
To say their prayers for him, a great advancer
Of the new Ball.
Bo. Nay hee's right, right as my legge Coronell.
Co. But tother Gentleman you doe not know his inside.
Bo. I ha seene him, he lookes philosophicall.
Co. Who! hee's the wit, whom your Nobilitie
Are much oblig'd to for his company,
He has a railing genious, and they cherish it,
Fling dirt in every face when hee's ith' humour,
And they must laugh, and thanke him, he is dead else.
Bo. Will the Lords suffer him.
Co. Or lose their mirth, hee's knowne in every science,
And can abuse em all, some ha suppos'd
He has a worme ins braine, which at some time
Oth' Moone doth ravish him into perfect madnesse,
And then he propheties, and will depose
The Empeorr, and set up *Bethalem Gabre*.
Bo. Hee's dead, I hope he wonot conjure for him.
Co. His father shanot scape him nor his ghost,
Nor heaven, nor hell, his jest must ha free passage,
Hee's gone, and I lose time to talke on him,
Farewell,
Your Countesse

May expect too long,
Farewell Coronell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Rosomond, and Lady Honoria.

Ros. Why doe you so commend him?
Hon. Does he not
Deserve it? name a gentleman in the Kingdome,
So affable, so moving in his language,
So pleasant, witty, indeede every thing
A Lady can desire.
Ros. Sure thou dost love him,
Ile tell his Lordshippe when I see him agen,
How zealous you are in his commendation.
Hon. If I be not mistaken, I have heard
Your tongue reach higher in his praises Madam,
How ere you now seeme cold, but if you tell him
My opinion, as you shall doe him no pleasure,
You can doe me no injury, I know
His Lordship has the constitution
Of other Courtiers, they can endure
To be commended.
Ros. But I prethee tell me,
Is not love whence this proceeds, I have
I must confesse discourst of his good parts,
Desir'd his company.
Ho. And had it?
Ros. Yes, and had it.
Ho. All night.
Ros. You are not I hope jealous,
If I should say all night I neede not blush,
It was but at a Ball, but what of this?
Ho. Ene what you will
Ros. I hope you ha no patent
To dance alone with him, if he ha priviledge
To kisse another Lady, she may say
He does salute her, and returne a curtsie
To shew her breeding, but Ile now be playner,
Although you love this Lord, it may possible
He may dispose his thoughts another way.
Ho. He may so.

Ros. Who can helpe it, he has eyes
To looke on more than one, and understand
Perhaps to guide, and place his love upon
The most deserving object.
Ho. Most deserving,
This language is not levill with that friendship,
You have profest, this touches a comparison.
Ros. Why doe you thinke all excellence is throng'd
Within your beauty.
Ho. You are angry Lady,
How much does this concerne you to be thus
Officious in his cause, if you be not
Engag'd by more than ordinary affection,
I must interpret this no kinde respect
To me.
Ros. Angry, ha, ha.
Ho. You then transgresse against civilitie.
Ros. Good Madam why? because,
I thinke, and tell you that another Lady
May be as hansome in some mans opinion,
Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold
Proportion with you, on some entreaty.

Enter Lord.

Lor. They're loude, Ile not be seene yet.
Ros. What is it that exalts you above all
Comparison? my father was as good
A gentleman, and my mother has as great
A spirit.
Ho. Then you love him too.
Ros. Twill appeare
No greater miracle in me I take it,
Yet difference will be, perhaps I may
Affect him with a better consequence.
Ho. Your consequence perhaps may be denied too,
Why there are no such wonders in your eye
Which other composition doe not boast of,
My Lord no doubt hath in his travells clapt
As modest cheekes, and kist as melting lippes.

Ro. And yet mine are not pale.
Ho. It may be they bluſh for the teeth behinde them.
Ro. I have read
No ſonnets on the ſweetneſſe of your breath.
Ho. Tis not perfum'd.
Ro. But I have heard of your tongue exalted much,
Highly commended.
Ho. Not above your forehead,
When you have bruſh'd away the hairie pentehruſh,
And made it viſible.
Lo. Ile now interrupt 'em,
Theyle fall by the eares elſe preſently.
Ho. My Lord,
Lo. What in contention Ladies?
Ro. Oh my Lord you'r welcome.
Lo. Expreſſe it in diſcoverie of that
Made you ſo earneſt, I am confident
You were not practiſing a Dialogue
To entertaine me.
Ho. Yet it did concerne you.
Ro. Do not you bluſh, fie Madam.
Lo. Nay and you come to bluſh once, and fie Madam,
Ile know the ſecret, by this kiſſe I will,
And this.
Ho. You were kis'd firſt, diſcover now
At your diſcretion.
Ro. My Lord we were in jeſt.
Ho. It might ha turn'd to earneſt, if your Lordſhip
Had not interpos'd.
Lo. Come out with it.
Ro. We had a difference.
Lo Well ſaid.
Ro. About a man ith' world, you are beſt name him.
Ho. You have the better gift at telling ſecrets.
Lo. Yet agen, come Ile helpe it out, there is
A gentleman ith' world, ſome call a Lord.
Ro. Did your Lordſhip over-heare us?
Lo. Nay nay, you muſt ſtand too't,

One, whom you
Love, it will appeare no greater miracle
In you I take it, one no doubt that hath
Travel'd, and clapt as modeſt cheekes, and kis'd
As melting lippes, thus farre ime right, but what
Name this moſt happy man doth anſwer too,
Is not within my circle.
Ho. Yet you know him.
Ro. Not to retaine your Lordſhip ith' darke,
Confident you'le not accuſe my modeſty
For giving you a truth, you ſhall not travell
Beyond your ſelfe to find his name, but doe not
Triumph my Lord.
Lo. Am I ſo fortunate,
Then love I doe forgive thee, and will cheriſh
The flame I did ſuſpect would ruine me,
You two divide my love, onely you two,
Be gentle in your Empire heavenly Ladies,
No enemy abroad can threaten you,
Be carefull then, that you maintaine at home
No civill warres.
Ho. How dee meane my Lord?
Lo. You are pleas'd to ſmile upon me gentle Lady,
And I have tooke it in my heart more than
Imaginary bleſſings with what pleaſure
Could I behold this beautie, and conſume
My underſtanding to know nothing elſe,
My memory to preſerve no other figure.
Ro. My Lord, I am not worth your flatterie.
Lo. I flatter you? *Venus* her ſelfe be judge,
To whom you are ſo like in all thats faire,
Twere ſinne but to be modeſt.
Ro. How my Lord?
Lo. Do not miſtake me, twere
A ſinne but to be modeſt in your praiſes,
Heres a hand, nature ſhew me ſuch another,
A brow, a cheeke, a lip, and every thing,
Happy am I that *Cupids* blinde.

Ro. Why happy?
Lo. If he could see, hé would forsakē his Mistresse
To be my rivall, and for thy embraces
Be banish'd heaven.
Ho. My Lord Ile take my leave.
Lo. If you did know how great a part of mē,
Will whither in your absence, you would have
More charitie, one accent of unkinde
Language from you, doth wound me more than all
The mallice of my destinies, oh deare Madam,
You say you'le take your leave of your poore servant;
Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,
And let me stay and gazē upon
Your heavenly forme.
Ho. I can be patiēnt
To heare your Lordship mocke me, thēse are but
A course reward for my good thoughts.
Lo. This tis to use plaine dealing, and betray the inside
Of our hēarts to women, did you thinke well of me
So late, and am I forfeited already,
Am I a Christian?
Ho. Yes I hope my Lord.
Lo. Make me not miserable then, deare Madam,
With your suspition, I dissemble with you,
But you know too well what command your beauty
Has upon me.
Ho. Give me leavē
My Lord to wonder you can love me,
With such a flame you have expresst yet shēe,
Your mistresse?
Lo. You are both my Mistresses.
Ro. I like not this so well.
Lo. There is no way but one to make me happy.
Ho. I wish my Lord I had the art to effect
What you desire.
Ro. Or I.
Lo. It is within
Your powers.

Ho. Speakē it my Lord.
Lo. Since it is so
That I me not able to determinē which
My heart, so equall unto both, would chuse,
My suite is to your vertues, to agreē
Betweene your selves, whose creature I shall bē;
You can judge better of your worths than I,
My allegiance shall be ready if you can
Conclude which shall ha the supremacie;
Take pitty on your servant gentle Ladies,
And reconcile a heart too much divided,
So with the promise of my obedience
To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetēst
Of you two, when I next present a lover,
I take distracted leave. Exit.
Ho. Why, this is worse than all the rest.
Ro. Hee's gone,
And has referr'd himselfe to us.
Ho. This will
Aske counsell.
Ro. And somē time I would bē loth
To yeeld.
Ho. And I, *Cupid* instruct us both. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Barker, Freshwater, and Gudgine.

Bar. ANd what made you to undertakē this voyagē,
Sweete Signior *Freshwater.*
Fr. An affection
I had to be acquainted with somē countries.
Gud. Give him good words.
Ba. And you returne fraught homē with thē rich devices,
Fashions of steeples, and the situations
Of galouses, and wit no doubt a bushell,
What price are Oates in *Venice*?

Fr.

Fr. Signior
I kēpe no horses there, my man, and I
Ba. Were Asses.
Fr. How Signior?
Gud. Give him good words, a Poxē take him.
Ba. Had not you land once?
Fr. I had some durtie acres.
Gud. I am his witnesse.
Fr. Which I reduc'd into a narrow compasse.
Some call it selling.
Gud. He would sell bargaines of a childe.
Fr. And twas a thriving pollicie.
Ba. As how?
Fr. It was but two hundred pound *Per annum* sir,
A leane revenew.
Ba. And did you sell it all?
Fr. I did not leave an acre, rod, or perch,
That had beene no discretion, when I was selling
I would sell to purpose, doe you see this roll,
I have good securitie for my money sir,
Not an egge here but has five chickens in't,
I did most pollitickely disburse my summes,
To have five for one at my returne from *Venice*,
And now I thanke my starres I am at home.
Ba. And so by consequence in three moneths your estatē
Will be five times as much or quintupled.
Fr. Yes Signior quintupled,
I wonot purchase yet I meane to use
This tricke seaven yeares together, first
Ile still put out, and quintuplie as you call't,
And when I can in my Exchequer tell
Two, or three Millions, I will fall a purchasing.
Ba. Kingdomes I warrant.
Fr. I have a minde to buy
Constantinople from the *Turke*, and give it
The Emperour.
Ba. What thinkē you of *Jerusalem*?
If you would purchase that, and bring it nēarer,

The Christian Pilgrimes would be much oblig'd to yee,
When did you wash your sockes?
Fr. I weare none Signior.
Ba. Then tis your breath, to your lodging, and perfume it,
You'le tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to aske about your travell,
You wonot sell your debts?
Fr. Sell 'em, no Signior.
Ba. Have you as much left in ready cash as will
Keepe you and this old troule a fortnight longer,
Die, and forgive the world, thou maist be buried,
And ha the Church-cloth, if you can put in
Securitie, the Parish shall be put
To no more charge, dost thou hope to have a penny
Of thy owne money backe, is this an age
Of five for one, die ere the towne takes notice,
There is a hidious woman carries ballets,
And has a singing in her head, take heed
And hang thy selfe, thou maist not heare the time,
You remember *Coriate*.
Fr. Honest *Tom Odcombe*.
Ba. Wee'le ha more verses o'thy travells Coxcombe,
Bookes shall be sold in bushelis in Cheape side,
And come in like the Pescods, waine loads full
Of thee, and thy man *Apple Iohn* that lookes
As he had beene a senight in the straw
A ripening for the market, farewell Rusiting,
Thou art not worth my spleene, doe not forget
My counsel', hang thy selfe, and thou go'st off
Without a Sessions. *Exit.*
Fr. Fine, Ime glad hee's gone, *Gudgine*, what dost thou
Gud. I thinke y'are well rid of railing Madcap. (thinke.
Fr. Nay, nay hee'le not spare a Lord
But were not I best call in my moneyes *Gudgin*,
My estate wonot hold out, I must be more
Familiar with my gentlemen. *Enter Lord.*
Lo. Iacke Freshwater wello me fom *Venice*.
Fr. I thanke your honour.

Lo. Was it not *Franke Barker* that parted from you?
Fr. Yes my Lord.
Lo. Whats the matter?
Fr. There is a ſumme, my Lord.
Lo. Where is it Signior?
Fr. There was a ſumme my Lord delivered
From your poore ſervant *Freſhwater.*
Lo. I remember,
But I have buſineſſe now, come home to me,
The monie's ſafe, you were to give me five
For one at your returne.
Fr. I five? Your Lordſhip has forgot the Cinquēpacē.
Lo. Something it is, but when I am at leaſure
We will diſcourſe of that, and of your travell,
Farewell Signior. *Exit.*
Fr. Iſt come to this? if Lords play faſt and looſe,
What ſhall poore Knights, and gentlemen?
Hum, tis he. *Enter Coronell.*
Co. A Poxe upon him, what makes he in my way.
Fr. Noble Coronell.
Co. *Que dite vous mounſieur.*
Fr. *Que dite vous?*
Co. *A wy, Je ne pa parlee Anglois,*
Fr: There were five *Engliſh* peeces.
Co. *Ie ne parle Anglois*, me ſpeake no word *Engliſh*,
Votre ſeviteur. *Exit.*
Fr. Adiew five peecēs,
Gudgin gape, iſt not he?
They wonot uſe me o'this faſhion,
Did he not ſpeake to me ith' morning?
Gud. Yes ſir.
Fr. I thinke ſo,
Gud: But then you would not know him in *Italian*,
And now he will not know you in *French.*
Fr. Call you this ſelling of land, and putting out money
To multiply eſtate?
Gud. To quintuply five for one, large intereſt.
Fr. Five for one, tis tenne to one if I get my principall.

Gud.

Gud. Your roll is not at the bottome, yet try the rest.
Fr. I ha, Signior farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scutilla and Solomon.

Scu. Didst speake with the Coronell?
Sol. I met him opportunely after all the rest,
And told him how much it would concerne
His livelihood to make haste.
Scu. He must not be seene yet, you know where
To attend for him, give him accesse by
The garden to my chamber, and bring
Me nimbly knowledge when he is there.
Sol. I shall forsooth. *Exit.*

Enter the Dancer, Lady Rosomond, Lady Lucina, and Lady Honoria.

Dan. Very well an dat be skirvy you run trot, trot, trot,
Pisha, follow me, *fout Madame*, can you not tell
So often learning —— Madem you ~~foot~~ it now
Pla it ill. *Another Lady dances.*
Excellent, better den excellent pishaw ---- you be laughed
When you come to de Ball; I teach tree hundred, never
Forgot so much, me sweat taking paine, and fidling
Ladies.
Luc. Fidling Ladies, you Molecatcher.
Dan. *Purquoy* for telling you
Dance not well, you commit fat, and beate me for my
Dilligence becar you dance you pleasure. (dy
Ho. No *Mounsieure Le Friske* put not up your pipe, my La-
Was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour.
Dan. I veare no favours in dat place, should any gentleman
Of *England* give me blow, diable me teach him *French*
Passage.
Ro. Nay you shanot be so angry, I must have a Coronte,
Pray Madam be reconcil'd.
Luc. Come Mounsieur I am sorry. hand,
Dan. Sorre, tat is too much *par ma foy*, I kisse tat white
Give me one two tree buffets, aller, aller looke up your
Countenance, your *English* man spoile you, he no teach
You looke up, pishaw, carry your body in the swimming

Fashion, and *den allei moy moselle* ha, ha, ha,
So for boon excellent becar. Dance.
Luc. Nay a Country dance *Scintilla*, you are idle,
You know we must be at the Ball anon, come.
Dan. Where is the Ball this night.
Luc. At my Lord *Rainebowes*.
Dan. Oh he dance finely becar, he deserve the Ball of de (world,
Fine, fine gentleman, your oder men dance lop, lop with
De lame legge as they want crushes begore, and looke for
Argent in the ground pishaw,
They dance a new Country Dance.
Hah, hah, for boone.
Ro. Now Madame we take our leave.
Luc. Ile recompence this kind visite: does your coach stay?
Ho. Yes Madam,
Your Ladiship will be too much troubled.
Luc. I owe more service.
Scu. Mounsieur you'le begone too.
Dan. I have more Ladie, my Schollers.
Scin. Is that the way of your instrument.
Dan. *All a murdu France, fit, fit adiew*
Madam votre serviteur,
Adiew demy Mounsieur. *Exeunt.*
Enter Solomon and Coronell.
Scu. Sir, you are welcome.
Co. I thanke you Ladie.
Scu. The tim's too narrow to discourse at large,
But I intend you a service,
You have deserv'd it
In your owne nobleness to one I call a kinsman,
Whose life without your charitie had beene
Forfeit to his generalls anger, twas not
Without his cause you after quit your regiment.
Co. He was my friend, forget it.
Scu. You were sent for
By the Lady *Lucina*.
Co. Whose command I waite.
Scu. Twas my desire to prepare you for

The entertainement, be but pleas'd to obscure
Your selfe behind these hangings a few minuts,
I heare her, you may trust me.
Co. Without dispute, I obey you Lady.
Enter Lady Lucina.
Luc. Now *Scutilla* we are ripe, and ready
To entertaine my Gamesters, my man said
They promised all to come, I was afraid
These Ladies in their kinde departure wo'd not
Bequeath me opportunitie, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,
I wo'd not willingly ha lost it for a Jewell
Of some valew.
Scu. Then your purchase holds.
Luc. If they hold their affections, and keepe touch
Weele ha some sport. *Enter Solomon.*
Sol. Sr. *Marmaduke Travers.*
Luc. Away *Scutilla,* and
Laugh not loud betweene our acts, weele meete
Agen like musicke, and make our selves merry.
Scin. I waite nere you.
Enter Sr. *Marmaduke.*
Luc. Sr. *Markmaduke* I thought I should have had
Your visite without a summonds.
Ma. Lady you gave
One feather to the wings I had before,
Can there be at last a service to imploy
Your creature?
Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence
Ma. Oh let me dwell upon your hand, my starres
Have then remembred me agen.
Luc. How doe the Fennes?
Goes the draning forward, and your Iron Mills?
Mar. Draning, and Iron Mills? I know not Madam
Luc. Come, you conceale your industry, and care
To thrive, you neede not be so close to me.
Ma. By this hand Lady, have I any Iron Mills?
Luc. I am abus'd else, nay I doe love

One that has Wind-mills in his head.
Ma. How Madam?
Lu. Projects, and Proclamations, did not you
Travell to *Yarmouth* to learne how to caſt
Braſſe buttons, nay I like it, it is an age
For men to looke about 'em, ſhall I truſt
My eſtate to one that has no thrift, a fellow
But with one face? my husband ſhall be a *Ianus*,
He cannot looke too many wayes, and is
Your patent for making Vineger confirm'd:
What a face you put upon't nay, nere diſſemble,
Come I know all, you'le thanke that friend of yours,
That ſatisfied my inquirie of your worth
With ſuch a welcome character, but why
Doe I betray my ſelfe ſo faſt? beſhrow
His commendations.
Ma. How is this? ſome body *Aside*
That meant me well, and knew her appetite
To wealth hath told this of me, Ile make uſe ont;
Well Madam, I deſir'd theſe things more private
Till ſomething worth a mine, which I am now
Promoving had beene perfect to ſalute you,
But I perceive you hold intelligence
In my affaires, which I interpret love,
And Ile requite it, will you be content
Be a counteſſe for the preſent.
Luc. I ſhall want
No honour in your love.
Ma. When ſhall we marry?
Luc. Something muſt be prepar'd.
Ma. A licence, and ſay no more,
How bleſt am I, doe not bluſh,
I wonot kiſſe your lip, till I ha brought it. *Exit.*
Luc. Ha, ha, *Scutilla.*
Scu. Be ſecret ſtill.
Luc. Canſt thou not laugh?
Scu. Yes Madam you have kept your word,
The Knights tranſported, gone

To prepare things for the wedding.
Luc. How did'st thou like the Iron Mills?
Scu. And the Brasse buttons rarely, have you devices
To jeere the rest.
Luc. All the regiment on 'em, or Ile breake my bowstrings.
Sol. Sr. *Ambrose Lamount.*
Luc. Away, and let the Swallow enter.
Enter Sr. *Ambrose, and Solomon.*
Luc. Why Sirra, did I command you give accesse to none
But Sr. *Ambrose Lamount?*
Whom you know I sent for.
Audacious Grooms.
Sol. It is Sir, Madam.
Luc. It is Sr. *Ambrose Coxcombe*, is it not,
Cry mercy noble sir, I tooke you muffled
For one that every day sollicites me
To bestow my little dogge upon him, but you'r welcome,
I thinke I sent for yeu.
Am. It is my happinesse
To waite your service Lady.
Luc. I heare say you have vow'd to die a Batchellor,
I hope it is not true sir.
Am. I die a Batchellor?
Luc. And that you'le turne religious Knight.
Am. I turne religious Knight, who has abus'd me?
Luc. I would onely know the truth, it were great pittie,
For my owne part I ever wish'd you well,
Although in modesty I have beene silent,
Pray what's a clocke?
Am. Howes this?
Luc. I had a dreame last night, me thought I saw you
Dance so exceedingly rarely, that I fell
In love.
Am. In love with me.
Luc. With your legges sir.
Am. My legge is at your service to come over.
Luc. I wondred at my selfe, but I considered,
That many have beene caught with hansome faces,

So my love grew.
Am. Vpwards.
Luc. What followed in my dreame
I ha forgot.
Am. Leave that to finish waking.
Luc. Since the morning
I finde some alteration, you know
I have told you twenty times I would not love you,
But whether twere your wisedome or your fate
You would not be satisfied, now I know not
If something were procur'd, what I should answer.
Am. A licence, say no more.
Luc. Would were my estate were doubled.
Am. For my sake.
Luc. You have not Purchas'd since you fell in love?
Am. Not much land.
Luc. Revells have beene some charge to you, you were ever
A friend to Ladies, pitty but he should rise
B y one, has fallen with so many, had you not
A head once?
Am. A head? I have one still.
Luc. Of haire I meane,
Favours ha glean'd too much, pray pardon me
If it were mine, they should goe looke their bracelets,
Or stay till the next crop, but I blush sir
To hold you in this discourse, you will perhaps
Conster me in a wrong sence; but you may use
Your owne discretion till you know me better,
Which is my soules ambition.
Am. I am blest.
Cor. Cunning Gipsie shee'le use me thus too
When I come too't.
Am. Lady I know your mind, when I see you next. *Exit.*
Luc. Youle see me agen, ha ha ha, *Scutilla.*
Scu. Here Madam almost dead with stifling my laughter,
Why hee's gone for a Licence, you did injoyne him no
Silence.
Luc. I wou'd have 'em all meete and brag o'their severall

Hopes

Hopes they wonot else be sensible, and quit mē o'their
Tedious visitation, who's next?
I would the Coronell were come,
I long to have about with him.
Sol. Mr. *Bostocke* Madam.
Luc. Retire, and give the lay admittancē.

Enter Bostocke.

Bo. Madam, I kisse your faire hand.
Luc. Oh Mr. Bostocke,
Bo. The humblest of your servants.
Luc. Twonot become your birth, and blood to stoopē
To such a title.
Bo. I must confesse deare Lady,
I carry in my veines more precious honour
Then other men, blood of a deeper crimson,
But you shall call me any thing.
Luc. Not I sir,
It would not become mē to change your title,
Although I must confesse I could desire
You were lesse honourable.
Bo. Why I prethee,
Ist a fault to spring from the Nobilitie?
There be some men have sold well favour'd Lordships,
To be ill favoured Noblemen, and though
I weare no title of the state, I can
Adorne a Lady.
Luc. That is my misfortune,
I would you could not sir.
Bo. Are you the worse
For that? consider Lady.
Luc. I have considered,
And I could wish with all my hēart you werē
Not halfe so noble, nay indeede no Gentlman.
Bo. How Lady?
Luc. Nay, if you give me leave to speake my thoughts,
I would you were a fellow of two degrees
Beneath a foote man, one that had no kindred,
But Knights oth' post, nay worse, pardon me sir,

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a sonne oth' people rather then.
Bo. Good Madam give me your reason.
Luc. Because I love you.
Bo. Few women wish so ill to whom they love.
Luc. They doe not love like me then.
Bo. Say you so.
Luc. My wealths a begger, nay the title of
A Lady which my husband left, is a shadow
Compar'd to what you bring to innoble me,
And all the children you will get, but I
Out of my love desire you such a one,
That I might adde to you, that you might be
Created by my wealth, made great by me,
Then should my love appeare, but as you are,
I must receive addition from you.
Bo. No body heares, why harke you Lady, could
You love me, if I were lesse honourable?
Luc. Honourable? why you cannot be so base
As I would have you, that the world might say
My marriage gave you somewhat.
Bo. Say you so,
Vnder the Rose, if that will doe you a pleasure,
The Lords doe call me cosin, but I am.
Luc. What?
Bo. Suspected.
Luc. How?
Bo. Not to be lawfull, I came in at the Wicket,
Some call it the Window.
Luc. Can you prove it.
Bo. Say no more.
Luc. Then I preferre you before all my suiters,
Sr. *Ambrose Lamount*, and Sr. *Marmaduke*
Travers are all Mountibankes.
Bo. What say to the Coronell.
Luc. *A Lanse presado*, how my joy transports me,
But shall I trust to this, doe not you flatter?
Will not you fly from that, and be legitimate,

When we are married, you men are too cunning
With simple Ladies.
Bo. Doe but marry me,
Ile bring the Midwife.
Luc. Say no more, provide
What you thinke necessary, and all shall be
Dispatch'd.
Bo. I guesse your meaning, and thus seale
My best devotion. *Exit.*
Scu. Away now and present your selfe.
Luc. Oh *Scutilla*, hold me, I shall fall
In peeces else, ha ha, ha.
Scu. Beshrow me Madam, but I wonder
At you, you woond him rarely up.
Luc. Have not I choise of precious husbands? now and
The Coronell were here, the taske
Were over.
Scu. Then you might goe play,
Madam the Coronell.

Enter Coronell.

Luc. Is he come once more? withdraw, bid him march hi-
Co. Now is my turne Madam. (ther.
Luc. Yare welcome sir, I thought you would have gone,
And not grac'd me so much as with a poore
Salute at parting.
Co. Gone whither?
Luc. To the warres.
Co. She jeares me already, no Lady I'me already
Engag'd to a siege at home, and till that service
Be over, I enquire no new employments.
Luc. For honours sake what siege?
Co. A Cittadell,
That severall forces are set downe before,
And all is entrench'd.
Luc. What Cittadell?
Co. A woman.
Luc. She cannot hold out long.
Co. *Ostend* was sooner taken then her fort

Is like to be for any thing I perceive.
Luc. Is she so well provided?
Co. Her provision
May faile her, but she is deviliſh obſtinate,
She feares nor fire nor famine.
Luc. Whats her name?
Co. Lucina.
Luc. Ha ha ha, alas poore Coronell;
If youle take my advice remove your ſiege,
A province will be ſooner wonne in the
Low countries, ha ha ha.
Co. Lady, you ſent for me.
Luc. Twas but to tell you my opinion in this buſineſſe,
You'le ſooner circumciſe the Turkes dominions,
Then take this toy you talke off, I doe know it,
Farewell good Souldier, ha ha ha, and yet tis pittie,
Is there no ſtratagem, no tricke, no undermine,
If ſhe be given ſo deſperate, your body
Had neede to be well victuall'd, theres a citie
And ſuburbes in your belly, and you muſt
Lay in betimes to prevent mutinie
Among the ſmall guts, which with winde of venge elſe
Will breake your guarde of buttons, ha ha ha
Come weele laugh, and lie downe in the next roome *Scutilla*.
Exit.

Co. So ſo, I did expect no good,
Why did not I ſtrike her, but Ile doe ſomething,
And be with you to bring before you thinke ont,
Mallice and *Mercurie* aſſiſt me. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lord and Barker.

Ba. SO ſo, yau'e a precious time on't.
Lor. Who can helpe it *Franke*, if Ladies will
Be wilde, repentance tame 'em, for my part

I court not them, till they provoke mẽ toote.
Ba. And doe they both affect you,
Lo. So they say,
And did justifie it to my face.
Ba. And you did praise their modesty.
Lo. I confesse I prais'd 'em
Both when I saw no remedy.
Ba. You did, and they beleev'd.
Lo. Religiously?
Ba. Do not
Doe not beleevẽ it my young Lord, theyle make
Fooles of a thousand such, they doe not love you.
Lo. Why, and shall please your wisedome?
Ba. They are women,
Thats a reason, and may satisfie you,
They cannot love a man.
Lo. What then?
Ba. Themselves,
And all little enough, they hav̄e a tricke
To conjure with their eyes, and perhaps raise
A masculine spirit, but lay none.
Lo. Good *Cato*
Be not over-wise now, whats thẽ reason
That women are not sainted in your Calender,
You have no frosty constitution?
Ba. Would you were halfe so honest.
Lo. Why a woman
May love thee one day.
Ba. Yes when I make legges
And faces like such fellowes as you arẽ.
Lo. Mounsieur *La Friske.* *Enter Mounsieur La Friske.*
Moun. Serviteur.
Lo. Nay *Franke* thou shat not goe.
Ba. Ile come agen when you ha done your Iyggẽ.
Moun. A Mounsieur.
Lo. Come you shall sit downẽ, this fellow will make thee
Ba. I shall laugh at you both, and I stay. (laugh.
Lo. Harke you Mounsieur, this gentleman has a great

Minde to learnē to dance.

Moun. He command my ſervicē,
Pleaſe your Lordſhip beginne tat he may
See your profit alkey —— hah.

Lo. How like you this *Franke* ?

Ba. Well enough for the dogge-dayēs, but havē
You no other dancing for the Winter, a man
May freeze and walke thus.

Moun. It be all your grace, Mounſieur, your
Dance be horſeplay begar for de ſtable not
De chamber, your ground paſſage hah
Never hurt de backe Mounſieur, nor trouble
De legge muſh, hah plait ill you learne
Mounſieur.

Lo. For mirth ſake, and thou loveſt me.

Moun. Begar I teach you preſently, dance with all de
Grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

Ba. Pardon me my Lord.

Moun. Oh not *pardonne moy.*

Lo. Doe but obſerve his methode

Ba. I ſhall never endure it, pox upon him. (the

Mo. Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, foure, five,
Cinquepace, alley Mounſieur, ſtand upright an begar.

Lo. Let him ſet you in toth poſture.

Mo. My broder my Lord know wel for de litle kit he fiddle
And me for de poſture of de body, begar de King has no too
Suſh ſubjects hah, dere be one foote, two foote, have
You tree foote, begar you have more den I have den.

Ba. I ſhall breake his fiddle.

Lo. Thou art ſo humerous.

Moun. One, beene two hah, you goe to faſt, you bē at *Dover*
Begar, and me be at *Greenwiſh*, tree toder legge piſhaw.

Ba. A poxe upon your legges, ile no more.

Moun. Purquoy.

Lo. Ha ha ha, I wod ſome Ladies were here to laugh
At thee now, you wonot be ſo rude to meddle with
The Mounſieur in my lodging. (Iackalent.

Ba. Ile kicke him to death, and bury him in a Baſe-violl

Moun.

Mo. Iackalent, begar you be Iackenape, if I had my weapon
You durſt no affront me, I be as good gentleman, an for
All my fiddle as you, call me a Iacke a de lent.
Lo. Raile upon him Mounſieur, Ile ſecure thee, ha ha ha.
Moun. Becauſe your leg have de poc, or ſometing dat make
Em no vell, and friske, you make a foole of a Mounſieur.
My Lord uſe me like Gentleman, an I care no ruſh for
You, be deſperate, kill me, and me complaine to de
King, and teach new dance, galliarde to de gibbet, you
Be hang'd in *Engliſh* faſhion. (*Exit.*
Ba. Goe, yar'e an impertinent Lord, and I will be reveng'd
Lo. Ha, ha, good *Diogenes*, come Mounſieur,
You and I wonot part yet.
Moun. My Lord, if you had not beene here, mē wod have
Broken his head with my fiddle.
Lo. You might ſooner have broke your fiddle, but ſtrike up.
Moun. *Allei hah boone.* *They Dance in.*

Enter Boſtocke.

Bo. I ſpie Sir *Marmaduke* comming after mē,
This way Ile take to avoide his tedious queſtions,
Heele interrupt me, and I ha not finiſh'd
Things fit for my deſigne.

Enter Sr. *Ambroſe.*

Am. Tis Mr *Boſtocke*, little does he thinke
What I am going upon, I feare I ſhanot
Containe my joyes.
Bo. Good fortune to Sr. *Ambroſe.*
Am. Sir you muſt pardon, I cannot waite
Vpon you now, I ha buſineſſe of much conſequēnce.
Bo. I thought to have made the ſame excuſe to you,
For at this preſent I am ſo engag'd.
Am. We ſhall meete ſhortly.
Both. Ha ha ha.
Bo. Poore Gentleman how is he beguil'd.
Am. Your noſe is wip'd, hum, tis Sr. *Marmaduke*,

Enter Sr. *Marmaduke.*

I muſt ſalutē him.
Bo. The Coronell? theres no going backe.

Mar.

Ma. What misfortun's this? but tis no matter,
Noble sir how ist?
Am. As you see sir:
Co. As I could wish noble Mr. *Bostocke*.
Bo. Your humble servant Coronell.
Co. Nay nay a word.
Ma. I shannot forbeare jeering these poore things,
They shall be mirth.
Co. What all met so happily? and how my
Sparkes of honour?
Am. Things so ticle me,
I shall breake out.
Co. When saw you our Mistresse Lady *Lucina*.
Am. My suite is cold there, Mr. *Bostocke* carries
The Lady cleane before him.
Bo. No no not, it is Sr. *Marmaduke*.
Ma. I gleane by smiles after Sr. *Ambrose*.
Co. None of you see her to day?
I may as soone marry the Moone, and get
Children on her, I see her not this three dayes,
Tis very strange, I was to present my service
This morning.
Ma. Youle march away with all.
Co. I cannot tell, but theres small signe of victory,
And yet me thinkes you should not be neglected,
If the Fennes goe forward, and your Iron Mills.
Ma. Has she betraid me?
Co. Some are industrious,
And have the excellent skill to cast brasse buttons.
Ma. Coronell softly.
Co. How will you sell your vinëger a pint,
The Patent something sawcie.
Am. The Coronell jeeres him.
Bo. Excellent, ha ha.
Co. Had not you a head once,
Of haire I meane, favours ha glean'd too much,
If Ladies will ha bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next croppe.

Am.

Am. Hum, thē very languagē shē us'd to mē.
Bo. Does he jeere him too, nay nay, prethee spare him, ha, ha.
Co. You may doē much, and yet I could desire
You were lesse honourable, for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good Lady
Out of her love could wish you were a thing
Beneath a foote man, and that you had no kindrēd
But Knights oth' post.
Bo. Good Coronell.
Co. Nay pardon me,
In the humour I am in, I wish, and hēartily,
You were a sonne oth' people.
Bo. Coronell,
How the devill came he by this?
Co. Vnder the Rose there was a gentleman
Came in at the Wicket, these are tales of which
The Greekes have store, faire hopes Gentlemen.
Mar. How came you by this intelligence.
Co. Nay Ile no whispering, what I say to one
Will concerne every man, shee has made
You coxcombes.
Am. It does appeare.
Co. And more then does appearēs yēt
I had my share.
Bo. Thats some comfort, I was afraid.
Co. But you shall pardon me, Ile conceale
The particulars of her bountifull abuses
To me, let it suffice I know we are all
Ieer'd most abominably, I stood behinde
The hangings when shee sign'd your severall passes,
And had my owne at last worse than the Constables,
That this is true, you shall have more than oath,
Ile joyne wee in revenge, and if you wonot,
I will doe't alone.
Ma. She is a devill.
Am. Damme her then, till we thinke on something else,
Lets all goe backe, and raile upon her.
Bo. Agreed, a poxe upon her.

Ma. We cannot be to bitter, shees a hell Cat.
Am. Dee heare, listen to me our shames are equall;
Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh, let us chuse one,
To curse her for us all.
Co. Tis the best way, and if you love me gentlemen,
Engage me, I deserve this favour for my
Discovery, Ile sweare her into hell.
Ma. Troth I ha no good veine, I me content.
Bo. Gentlemen, noble Coronell as you respect
A wounded branch of the Nobilitie,
Make it my office, she abus'd me most, and if
The devill doe not furnish me with language,
Ile say he has no malice.
Co. If they consent.
Mar. Am. With all our hearts.
Bo. I thanke you gentlemen.
Co. But lets us all together, Ile not be barr'd,
Now and then to enterpose an oath,
As I shall finde occasion.
Bo. Youle releeve me
When I take breath, then you may helpe, or you,
Or any to confound her.
Co. Let away.
Bo. Never was witch so tortur'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Freshwater, Gudgin, and Solomon.

Sol. Noble Mr. *Freshwater* welcome from travell.
Fr, Where be the Ladies?
So. In the next roome sir;
My Lady *Rosomond* is sitting for her picture,
I presume you will be welcome.
Fr. An *English* Painter?
So. Yes sir.
Fr. Prethee let me see him.

He gives Freshwater accesse to the Chamber and returnes.

Sol, This way.
Honest *Gudgin,*
How, and the matters abroad, a touch of

Thy travell, what newes.
Gud. First, let me understand the statē of things
At homē.
So. We have little alteration sincē thou wēnt'st,
The same newes are in fashion,
Onely gēntlemen are faine to ramble, and stumble
For their flesh since the breach oth' banke side.
Gud. Is my aunt defunct.
So. Yet the Viragoes ha not lost their spirit, somē on
'Em have challeng'd the field, every day where
Gentlemen have met 'em, oh the dogge-dayes bit
Shreudly, twas a vilanous dead vacation.
Gud. Is *Pauls* alive still?
Sol. Yes, yes, a little sicke oth' stone, shē voides somē
Every day, but she is now in phisicke,
And may in time recover.
Gud. The *Exchange* stands?
Sol. Longer than a Church,
There is no feare while the Merchants have faith;
A little of thy travells, for the timē is precious, what
Things have you seene or donē since you left *England*?
Gud. I have not leasure to discourse of particulars, but first
My Mr. and I have runne *France* through, and through.
So. Through and through, how is that man?
Gud. Why once forward, and once backward, thats through
And through.
Sol. Twas but a cowardly part to runne a Kingdome
Through backeward.
Gud. Not with our horses *Solomon*, not with our horses.

Enter Freshwater and Lady Rosomond.

Fr. Madam, I did not thinke your Ladiship
Had so little judgement.
So. As how Signiour?
Fr. As to let an *English* man draw
Your Picture, and such rare Mounsieurs in townē.
Ro. Why not *English*?
Fr. Oh by no meanes Madam,
They ha not active Pensiles.

Ros. Thinkē you ſo.
Fre. You muſt incourage ſtrangers while you liue,
It is the Character of our nation,
We are famous for dejecting our owne countrymen.
Ros. Is that a principle.
Fre. Who teaches you to dance?
Ros. A Frenchman Signior.
Fre. Why ſo, tis neceſſary,
Truſt while you liue the Frenchman with your lēgges,
Your faces with the Dutch, if you miſlike
Your faces, I meane if it be not ſufficiently
Painted, let me commend upon my credit
A pretious workeman to your Ladyſhip.
Ros. What is he.
Fre. Not an Engliſh man I warrant you,
One that can pleaſe the Ladies every way,
You ſhannot ſit with him all day for ſhaddowēs,
He has Regallias, and can preſent you with
Suckets of foureteene pence a pound, Canary,
Prunellas, Venice glaſſes, Parmiſan,
Sugars, Bologuia, Sauſages all from *Antwerpe*;
But he will make Ollepodredos moſt incomparably.
Ros. I haue heard of him by a noble Lady
Told me the tother day, that ſitting for
Her picture, ſhee was ſtifled with a ſtrange
Perfume of hornes.
Fre. A Butcher told me of 'em, very likely.
Ros. When I haue neede
Of this rare Artiſt I will trouble you
For my directions, leaving this diſcourſe,
How thriues your Catalogue of debtors Signior.
Fre. All haue payd me, but;
Ros. You ſhannot name me in the liſt of any
That are behind, beſide my debt a purſe
For clearing the account.
Fre. You are juſt Madam,
And bountifull, though I came hither with
Simple intention to preſent my ſervice

It shall be crost. *Guag.* remember toe
Her Ladiships name.
Sol. My Cosin has the
Same provision for you.

Enter Barker, and Lady Honoria.

Gud. Sir, Master *Barker.*
Fre. Madam Ile take my leave, Ile finde another
Time to attend my Lady, there's no light,
I cannot abide this fellow. *Exit with Gud.*
Hon. Madam, Master *Barker* hath some designe
Which he pretends concernes us both.
Ros. Hee's welcome, what ist?
Bar. My Lord commends him to yee.
Ros. Which Lord Sir?
Bar. The Lord, the fine, the wanton dancing Lord,
The Lord that playes upon the Gitterne, and sings,
Leapes upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himselfe commended.
Ros. So Sir.
Bar. He loves you both, he told me so,
And laughs behind a visard at your frailtie,
He cannot love that way you imagine,
And Ladies of the game are now no miracles.
Hon. Although he use to raile thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his Lordships tongue
Has beene to liberall.
Ros. I finde it too, and blush within to thinke
How much we are deceived; I may be even
With this May-Lord. *Exit.*
Hon. But does his Lordship thinke
We were so taken with his person.
Bar. You wod not, and you knew as much as I.
Hon. How Sir?
Bar. I ha beene acquainted with his body
Ha knowne his baths and phisicke.
Hon. Ist possible, I am sorry now at heart.
I had a good thought on him, hee shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge,

And presently if any gentleman
Ha but the grace to smile, and court mē up too't.
Ba. Hum?
Ho. A buble of Nobilitie, a giddy
Phantasticke Lord, I want none of his titles,
Now in my imaginations he appeares
Illfavoured, and not any part about him
Worth halfe a commendation, wod he were here.
Co. Youd make more on him.
Ho. That I might examine,
And doe my judgement right betweene you two now;
How much he would come short, you have an eye
Worth fortie of his, nose of another making;
I saw your teeth ene now compar'd to which,
His are of the complexion of his combe,
I meane his boxe, and will in time be yellower,
And aske more making cleane, you have a shew
Of something on your upper lippe, a Witch
Has a Philosophers beard to him, his chinne
Has just as many hounds as haires that ever
My eyes distinguish'd yet, you have a body
And unpromising in his slashes, one
May see through him, and for his legges they both
Would but make stuffing for one hansome stocking,
Th'are a Lords I will be sworne, I dote upon him,
I could wish somewhat, but Ime sworry sir
To trouble you so much, all happie thoughts
Possesse you. *Exit*
Ba. How is this, if I have wit
To apprehend, this Lady does not hate mē?
I have profest a cinicke openly,
This language melts, Ile visite her againe.

Enter Honoria.

Ho. Sir, I have a small request to you.
Ba. Lady command.
Ho. If you thinke I have power
Or will to deserve from you any courtesie,
Pray learne to dance.

Ba. To dance?
Ho. At my entreatie sir to dance,
It was the first thing tooke me with his Lordship,
You know not what may follow, fare you well. *Exit.*
Ba. What pretends this to dance, theres something 'int,
I've reveng'd my selfe already upon my Lord,
Yet deeper with my Lady is the sweeter,
Something must be resolv'd. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Lucina and Scutilla.

Luc. Enough enough of conscience, lets reserve
Part of the mirth to another time, I shall
Meete some other hot worships at the Ball;
Vnlesse their appehension prompt 'em,
Earlier to know their folly in pursuing me.

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Madam, the Gentlemen that were here this morning
In single visits are come all together,
And pray to speake with you.
Luc. They've met already give'em accesse.
Scu. I wonder what they'le say.

Enter Bostocke, Lamount, Coronell, and Travers.

Co. Be confident she shall endure it.
Bo. So so,
How dee Gentlemen, yar'e very wellcome.
Am. Tis no matter for that we doe not come to be
Welcome, neither will we be welcome, speake Mr. *Bostocke.*
Bo. We come to mortifie you.
Luc. You will use no violence.
Bo. But of our tongues, and in the names of these
Abused gentlemen, and my selfe I spit
Defiance, stand further off, and be attentive,
Weepe or doe worse, repentance wet thy linnen,
And leave no veine for the Doctor.
Luc. They're mad.
Scu. There is no danger Madam, let us heare 'em,
If they scold we two shall be hard enough for 'em,
And they were twenty.
Bo. Thou Basiliske.

Luc. At first sight?
Bo. Whose eyes shat fire, and poyson,
Malicious as a Witch, and much more cunning,
Thou that dost ride men.
Luc. I ride men?
Bo. Worse than the night Mare, let thy tongue be silent,
And take our scourges patiently, thou hast
In thy owne selfe all the ingredients
Of wickednesse in thy sexe, able to furnish
Hell if it were insufficiently provided
With falshood, and shee feind of thy owne making;
Circe that charm'd men into swine, was not
So much a Jew as thou art, thou hast made
Vs Asses, dost thou heare?
Am. He speakes for us all.
Bo. But it is better we be all made such,
Than any one of us be monstred worse
To be an Oxe thy husband.
Scu. Luc. Ha ha ha.
Bo. Dost thou laugh Crocadile?
Co. That was well said.
Bo. Spirit of flesh and blood Ile conjure thee,
And let the devill lay thee on thy backe
I care not.
Ma. Admirable *Bostocke*.
Co. That spirit of flesh and blood was well inforc'd.
Bo. You thought us animales insensible
Of all your juglings did you *Prorsepnie*?
Am. I come to that.
Bo. And that we lov'd, lov'd with a poxe your phisnomie,
Know we but tried thee Beldam, and thou art
Thy selfe a sonne oth' earth.
Am. How, shee a sonne?
Bo. Twas a mistake, but she knowes my meaning,
I beginne to be a wearie gentlemen,
Ile breath a while.
Co. Tis time, and that you may
Not want encouragement take that.

Bo. Gentlemen Coronell, what dee mēanē.
Co. You shall know presently, dare but lift thy voyce
To fright this Lady, or but aske thy pardon,
My sword shall rip thy body for thy part,
And naile it on her threshold, or if you,
The proudest offer but in lookes to justifie
The baseneſſe of this wretch your soules shall answēr't;
Ma. Howes this?
Co. Oh impudence unheard, pardon Madam
My tedious silence, the affront grew up
So fast I durst not trust my understanding
That any gentleman could attempt so much
Dishonour to a Lady of your goodneſſe;
Was this your project to make me appeare
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacriledge,
Was it for this you pray'd my company,
You todpoles? tis yourpresence charmes my sword,
Or they shall quickly pay their forfeit lives,
No Altar could protect 'em.
Am. We are betray'd.
Ma. Was it not his plot to have us raile?
Co. Say, shall I yet be active?
Luc. By no meanes,
This is no place for blood, nor shall any cause
Engage to such a danger.
Co. Live to be
Your owne vexations then till you be mad,
And then remove your selfe with your owne garters.
You shannot goe before I know from whose
Braine this proceeded, you are the mirth,
Was ever civill Lady so abus'd
In her owne house by ingratefull horseleeches?
Could your corrupted natures finde no way
But this to recompence her noble favours,
Her courteous entertainements, would any
Heathens done like to you? admit she was
So just to say she could see nothing in you
Worthy her deerer thoughts as to say truth,

How could a creature of her wit and judgēment
Not see how poore and miserable things
You arē at best? must you impudent
In such a loud, and peremptory manner,
Disturbe the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling
Gentlemen rather hinds scarce fit to mixe,
Vnlesse you mend her manners with her drudgēs.
Luc. This shewes a nobleneſſe, dost not *Scutilla*?
Bo. Why sir, did not you tell us?
Co. What did I tell you?
Bo. Nothing.
Co. Be gone, least I forget my selfe.
Bo. I have a token to remember you
A palsie upon your fingers noble Coronell.
Ma. Was this his stratagem? we must be gone. *Exit.*
Luc. Sir I must thanke yee, and desire your pardon,
For what has past to your particular.
Co. Ya've more than satisfied my service in
Th'acknowledgement: disdaine cannot provoke
Me to be so insolent.
Luc. Againe I thankē you.
Co. I can forget your last neglect, if you
Thinke me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.
Luc. How dee meane.
Co. Why as
As a servant should that is ambitious?
To call you Mistresse, till the happier title
Of wife crowne his desires.
Luc. I must confesse,
This has wone much upon mē: but two words
To such a bargaine, y'are a gentleman,
I me confident would adventure for me.
Co. As farre as a poore life could speake my service.
Luc. Thats faire and farre enough, I make not any
Exception to your person.
Co. Body enough
I hopē to please a Lady.

Luc.

Luc. But,
Co. To my fortune.
Luc. To that the leaſt, I have eſtate for both.
Co. Though if hold no compariſon with yours,
It keepes me like a gentleman.
Luc. I have a ſcruple.
Co. You honour me in this,
Theres hope, if I can take away that care,
You may be mine.
Luc. Sir can you put me in ſecuritie
That you have beene honeſt?
Co. Honeſt, how dee meane?
Luc. Beene honeſt of your body, you are gentlemen,
Out of the warres live lazie, and feede high,
Drinke the rich grape, and in Canary may
Doe ſtrange things, when the wine has waſh'd away
Diſcretion.
Co. What is your meaning Lady?
Luc. I doe not urge you for the time to come,
Pray underſtand, have you beene honeſt hitherto?
And yet becauſe you ſhannot trouble friends
To be compurgators, Ile be ſatisfied;
If you will take your owne oath that you are.
Co. Honeſt of my body?
Luc. Yes ſir, it will become me to be carefull
Of my health, Ile take your owne aſſurance,
If you can cleare your body by an oath,
Ile marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.
Co. Your reaſon why you uſe me thus?
Luc. I wonder you will aske, doe not I heare
How deſperate ſome ha beene, what paine, what phiſicke.
Co. This is a tale of a tubbe Lady.
Luc. You rid no match without a ſhirt, to ſhew
The complexion of your body, I ha done ſir
When you reſolue to ſweare y'are honeſt, I
Vow to he yours, your wife: I am not haſtie,
Thinke on't, and tell me when we meete againe
Anon, to night, to morrow, when you pleaſe;

Sō farēwell noble Coronell, come *Scutilla*. *Exeunt.*
Co. Ist come to this? I am jeer'd agen, ist possible
To be honest at these yeeres, a man of my
Complexion, and acquaintance? was ever
A gentleman put to this oath before a this fashion?
If I ha the grace now to forsweare my selfe,
Something may be done, and yet tis doubtfull
Sheele have more trickes, if widdowes be thus coltish,
The devill will have a taske that goes a woing. *Exii.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Lord and Bostocke.

Bo. SVch an affront my Lord, I was asham'd on't,
A meere conspiracie to betray our fames,
But had you seene how poorely they behav'd
Themselves, such carven Knights, a paire of Drone-Bees
Ith' midst o'my vexation, if I could
Forbeare to laugh, I ha no blood in me,
They were so farre from striking that they stood
Like Images, things without life and motion,
Feare could not make so much as their tongue trēmble,
Left all to me.
Lo. So so, what then did you.
Bo. The Lady laugh'd too, and the Coronell
Increas'd his noise, to see how she derided
The poore Knights.
Lo. Leave their Character and proceede
To what you did.
Bo. You shall pardon me my Lord,
I am not willing to report my selfe,
They and the Lady, and the Coronell
Can witnesse I came on.
Lo. But how came you off cosin? that must commend you.
Bo. I ha my limbes my Lord, no signe of losse
Of blood you see, but this was fortune, how

The Coronell came off's uncertaine.
Lo. Doe not you know ?
Bo. No, I left him, I thinke tis time.
Lo. You did not kill him ?
Bo. Vpon my faith my Lord I meant it not,
But wounds fall out some time when the swords in,
These are poore things to bragge on, I ha sav'd my
Selfe you see.
Lo. If it be so Ile call you cosin still, my satinist
Enter Barker.
Harke you shall beate this fellow.
Bo. Shall I my Lord without cause?
Lo. He shall give you cause presently, how now
Gum'd taffata.
Ba. I pay for what I weare
My sattaine Lord: your Wardrobe does not keepe
Me warme, I doe not runne oth' ticket with
The Mercers wife, and leacher out my debts
At country houses.
Lor. Theres something else you doe not.
Ba. I doe not use to flatter such as you are,
Whose bodies are so rotten, theyle scarce keepe
Their soules from breaking out, I write no odes
Vpon your Mistresse to commend her postures,
And tumbling in a coach towards *Padington*,
Whether you hurry her to see the Phesants,
And try what operation the egges have
At your returne, I am not taken with
Your mightie nonsence, glean'd from Heathenish playes,
Which leave a curse upon the Author for 'em,
Though I have studied to redeeme you from
The infection of such bookes, which martyr sence
Worse than an Almanacke.
Lo. Excellent Satire,
But I shall not on, stop here, or I shall kicke
Your learned worship.
Ba. But doe not, I advise you doe not.
Lo. Why doe not?

Ba. It will fall heavy o'ſome body, if your Lordſhip
Kicke me, I ſhall not ſpare your coſin there.
Lo. On that condition what doe you thinke o'that?
Ba. What doe you thinke?
Bo. Excellently well followed by my troth la,
Heele pitch the barre well, I warrant, he does
So follow his kicke.
Ba. Let it goe round.
Bo. Good, right as my legge againe.
Lo. Your legge, twas hee that kickt you.
Bo. Dee thinke I doe not feele it?
Lo. Why dee not uſe your toes then?
Bo. What for a merry touch,
A tricke, a turne upon the toe, dee heare ſir
Yare good company, but if thou loveſt me.
Ba. Love you? why dee heare ſir,
I, I,
What a poxe ſhould any man ſee in you,
Once to thinke on you? love a ſquirte?
Shall I tell thee what thou art good for?
Bo. I.
Ba. For nothing.
Bo. Good againe, my Lord obſerve him, for nothing.
Ba. Yes thou wot ſtop a breach in a mudde wall,
Or ſerve for a Priapus in the garden to
Fright away crowes, and keepe the corne, beane ſhatter,
Thou wot.
Bo. Ha ha ha,
Ba. Or thou wot ſerve at ſhrovetide to ha thy legges
Broken with penny trounchens in the ſtreete,
Tis pitty any Cocke ſhould ſtand the pelting,
And ſuch a Capon unpreferr'd.
Bo. Ha ha ha.
Ba. Cry mercy y'are a kinſman to the Lord,
A Gentleman of high and mighty blood.
Lo. But cold enough, wonot all this provoke him?
Ba. Doſt heare? for all this I will undertake
To thraſh a better man out of a wench.

That

That travells with her butter milkē to market
Betweene two dorſers, any day oth' wēeke,
My twice ſod taile of greene fiſh, I will do't
Or looſe, my inheritance, tell me, and doe not ſtammer,
When wert thou cudgell'd laſt? what woman beate thee?
Bo. Excellent *Barker*.
Ba. Thou art the towne top,
A boy will ſet thee up, and make thēe ſpinne
Home with an Eeleskinne, do not marry, doe not,
Thy wife will coddle thee, and ſerve thee up
In plates with Sugar and Roſe water to
Him that had the grace to cuckold thee;
And if *Pythagoras* tranſmigration
Of ſoules were true, thy ſpirit ſhould bē tenant
To a horſe.
Bo. Why to a horſe?
Ba. A ſwitch and ſpurrē would doē ſome good upon you,
Why doſt thou enterfare, get the grincomes, goe,
And ſtraddle like a gentleman that wod
Not ſhame his kindred, but what doe I
Loſe time with ſuch a puppie?
Bo. Well, goe thy wayes Ile juſtifie thy wit
At my owne perill.
Ba. I would ſpeake with you,
Be not too buſie with your Lordſhips leggēs,
Ile tell you ſomewhat.
Lo. Speake toth' purpoſe then.
Ba. I beſtow'd
A viſite on the Ladies which you wot on,
They have their wits ſtill, and reſolve to keepe 'em,
They wonot hang themſelves for a young Lord,
Nor grow into conſumption, other men
Have eyes, and noſe, and lippes, and hanſome legges too:
So fare you well my Lord, I left your kicke
With your coſin buy buy otter. *Exit.*
Lo. Very well.
But harke you coſin *Boſtocke*, you have a minde
And modeſt conſtitution, I expected
You wod have lifted up your legge. *Bo.*

Bo. To kicke him,
Why, and you wod ha given a thousand pound,
I could not do't for laughing, beside,
He was your friend my Lord.
Lo. Did you spare him
For that consideration?
Bo. Howsoever,
What honour had it beene for me to quarrell?
Or wit indeede, if every man should take
All the abuses that are meant, great men
Would be laughed at, some fooles must ha their jests,
Had he beene any man of blood or valour,
One that profes'd the sword, such as the Coronell,
Lesse provocation would ha made me active.

Enter Sr. *Ambrose, and* Sr. *Marmaduke.*

Lo. The Eagles takes no Flies, is that it, how now
Sir *Ambrose*, and my honor'd friend Sr. *Marmaduke?*
You are strangers.
Ma. Your Lordships pardon, Mr. *Bostocke.*
Bo. Now shall I be put too't, this taking will undoe me.
Lo. Prethee tell me? is the Coronell alive still?
Am. Alive my Lord, yes yes, hee's alive.
Bo. Did your Lordship thinke absolutely he was dead?
Lo. But he is shrewdly wounded.
Am. No my Lord,
He is very well, but twas your kinsemans fortune.
Bo. Prethee nere speake on't.
Lo. What?
Ma. To have a blow, a boxe oth' eare.
Lo. How?
Ma. With his fist, and an indifferent round one.
Bo. Yes, yes he did strike me, I could ha told you that,
But wherefore did he strike, aske 'em that.
Ma. If you would know my Lord, he was our orator
To raile upon the Lady for abusing us,
Which I confesse he did with lung and spirit,
Which in the conclusion, the Coronell
Stroke him toth' ground.

Bo. He did so tis a truth.
Lo. And did you take it?
Bo. Take it? he gave it mē my Lord, I asked not for it.
But tis not yet reveng'd.
Am. Tis truth we suffer'd
A little, but the place protected him.
Bo. It was no place indeed.
Ma. Now since you had the greatest burden in
The affront.
Bo. The blow?
Ma. Right, we wod know whether your resolution
Be first, to question him, for our cause appeares
Subordinate, and may take breath till you
Ha call'd him to account.
Bo. I proclaime nothing,
And make no doubt the Coronell will give mē
Satisfaction like a Gentleman.
Am. We are answer'd, and take our leavē my Lord.
Lo. We shall meete at the Ball anon gentlemen.
Ma. Your Lordships servants: now to our designe. *Exeu.*
Bo. My Lord I take my leave too.
Lo. Not yet cosin, you and I ha not done.
Bo. What you please cosin.
Lo. You have cosen'd me too much.
Bo. I my good Lord?
Lo. Thou most unheard of coward,
How dare you bost relation to me?
Be so impudent as to name, or thinke upon mē,
Thou staine to honour, honour? th'art beneath
All the degrees of baseneſse: quit thy father,
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony,
Some Servingman leapt thy mother, or some Iuggler
That conjures with old bones, some womans tailor,
When he brought home her petticoate, and tooke measure
Of her lose body, or Ile cullice thee
With a bottome.
Bo. Good my Lord.
Lo. Be so baffoul'd?

In presence of your Mistresse, tis enough
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected,
And Ile ha satisfaction.

Bo. My Lord.

Lo. For using of my name in Ordinaries,
Ith' list of other whom you make your priviledge,
To dominere, and winne applause sometimes
With Tapsters, and thread-beare Tobacco Merchants,
That worship your gold lace, and ignorance
Stand bare, and bend their hammes, when you belch out
My Lord, and tother cosin in a Baudihouse,
Whom with a noyse you curse by *Iacke* and *Tom*,
For failing you at Fishstreete, or the Still-yard.

Bo. My very good Lord.

Lo. Will you not draw?

Bo. Not against your honour, but you shall see.

Lo. And vexe my eyes to looke on such a Land-rat,
Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I
Be safe in honour with that noble Lady,
To whom I sinnefully commended thee,
Though twere not much, enough to make her thinke
I am as base as thou art, and the Coronell,
And all that have but heard thee call me cosin,
What cure for this you Malt-worme? oh my soule
How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppie,
Dee heare me thunder, and lightning, what
Nobilitie my predecessors bosted,
Or any man from honours stocke descended;
How many Marquesses and Earles are numbred
In their great family? what coates they quarter,
How many battells our forefathers fought?
Tis poore, and not becomming perfect gentry
To build their glories at their fathers cost,
But at their owne expense of blood or vertue,
To raise them living monuments, our birth
Is not our owne act, honour upon trust,
Our ill deedes forfeit, and the wealthy summes
Purchas'st by others fame or sweate, will be

Our ſtaine, for we inherit nothing truely
But what our actions make us worthy of;
And are you not a precious gentleman,
Thou art not worth my ſteele, redeeme this lovē
Some generous way of undertaking, or
Thou ſhalt be given up to boyes, and ballets,
The ſcorne of footeman, a diſgrace more blackē
Than baſtard, goe to the Coronell.

Bo. I will my Lord.

Lo. But now I thinke ont twill bē neceſſarie,
That firſt you right my honour with the Lady,
You ſhall carry a letter, you will do't?

Bo. Ile carry any thing.

Lo. Expect it preſently. *Exit.*

Bo. Such another conjuring will make me
Beleeve I am illigitimate indeede,
This came firſt keeping company with the bladēs,
From whom I learnt to roare and runne away:
I know tis a baſe thing to be a coward,
But every man is not borne to be a *Hercules*,
Some muſt be beate that others may be valiant. *Exit.*

Enter Roſomond, and Honoria whiſpering, Sr. *Marmaduke, and* Sr. *Ambroſe following.*

Ro. Let it be ſo, they will elſe be troubleſomē.

Ma. This cannot I hope diſpleaſe you Lady, tis
No new affection I proteſt, although
This be the firſt occaſion I tooke
To expreſſe it.

Ro. You did ill in the impreſſion,
Although your baſhfulneſſe would not permit you
To ſpeake in your owne cauſe, you might have ſent
Your meaning, I can make a ſhift to read
A ſcurvie hand, but I ſhall tell you ſir,

Ma. Prethee doe.

Ho. Iſt poſſible your heart hath beene tormented
In loves flame, and I the cauſe.

Am. Your beauty hath the power
To melt a *Cithians* boſome, thoſe divinē

Beames would make soft the earth, when rugged Winter
Hath seal'd the cranies up with frost, your eye
Will make the frigid region temperate,
Should you but smile upon't: account it then
No wonder if it turne my brest to ashes.
Ro. I see you are in love by your mention,
And cause I pitty a gentleman should lose
His passion Ile acquaint you with a secret.
Ma. The Lady *Honoria*?
Ro. What misfortune twas
You did not first apply your selfe to her
That can reward your love, and hath a heart
Spacious to entertaine you; she does love you
Vpon my knowledge strangely, and so
Commends you in your absence.
Ma. Say you so Lady?
Pardon I beseech you the affection
I profest to your Ladiship, twas but
A complement, I am sorry I protest.
Ro. Oh tis excus'd sir, but I must tell you,
Perhaps you wonot finde her now so tractable
Vpon the apprehension she was slighted;
But to prescribe you confidence were to
Suspect your art, and bold discretion.
Ho. Tis as I tell you sir, no Lady in
The world can speake more praises of your body?
Shee knowes not yet your minde.
Am. Ist possible?
Ho. And yet because she saw your complements
Directed so unhappily to me,
I know not how youle finde her on the sudden,
But tis not halfe an houre since you possest
The first place in her thoughts.
Am. Shall I presume,
You will excuse the love I did present
Your Ladiship? it was not from my heart,
I hope you will conceive so.
Ho. A slight error.

Am. I am a sham'd on't.
Ho. Tis sufficient
That you recant no more neglect.
Ro. You are pleasant.
Am. Be you so too, Ile justifie thou shalt
Have cause.
Ro. To wonder at you, whats your meaning sir?
Am. Sweete Lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd
Your eyes shoote clearer light.
Ro. You are deceiv'd,
I am not melancholy.
Am. Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beautie, y'are in love.
Ro. In love, who told you so?
Am. But thats no wonder,
We all may love, but you have onely power
To conquer where you place affection, and triumph ore your wishes.
Ho. I love you, y'are strangely sir mistaken,
Put your devices on some other Lady,
I ha beene so farre from my affection to you,
That I ha laboured I confesse to unsettle
The opinion of my Lady *Rosomond*,
Who I confesse loves you, and that extreamely.
Mar. How? she love me? then I ha made fine worke.
Ho. What cunning shee is mistresse of to hide
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does flie into your armes I know not.
Ro. Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancie,
I have heard her sweare you are the propre'st Knight,
The very *Adonis*: why, she has got your picture
And made it the onely saint within her closet,
I blush at your credulitie.
Am. Ist e'ne so?
I have undone my selfe with her already,
Pardon me gentle Madam, I must leave you.

Ro. With all my heart.
Ho. We are reliev'd, *Enter Mounsieur.*
Mounsieur *Le Friske.*
Moun. Tres humble serviter Madam,
Me sweate with de hast to waite upon your Ladiships;
I pray give me de leve dispatch presently,
For I must figaries to be done.
Ro. Gentlemen let your passions brēath a while,
A little musicke may correct the errour,
And you may finde your selves.
Moun. Aller.
Am. With all my heart Sr. *Marmaduke* lets helpe
To exercise the Ladies.
Ma. A good motion.
Moun. And begar noting in de world mor profet
Your body den de motion all a more de *France.*
Ma. I am for any friske.
Moun. Ha de friske you jumpe upon my name, and
Begar you have my nature to de right, hey, and
All de world is but friske.
Ho. A Country dance then.
Moun. Hah, *Mounsieur Madam aller, They Dance.*
Forboone, tres excellent begar, so I crave your patience
Madam, gentlemen, you be at de Ball, mosoy you
See dat was never in dis world.
Ro. What Mounsieur?
Moun. What doe you thinke dat is, mē tell you, begar
You see me play de part of de *Cupid.*
Ho. A French *Cupid.*
Moun. Begar French *Cupid*, why? dere is no love like
De French love, dat is *Cupid*, love is hot, and de
French is hot.
Ro. How comes it to passe that you are to play *Cupid Moun.*
Mo. My Lord give me cōmand me have device, & de masque
For de Ladies, and me no trust little Iacknape to play
Young *Cupid* but my selfe.
Ho. Cupid is a childe, you havē a beard Mounsieur.
Mo. Me care not de haire for dat, bēgar de little god may havē

De little beard, *Venus* his n oder havē de molē, and *Cupid*
Her child may have the blacke muſſell.
Ho. But Mounſieur, we read *Cupid* was faire, and
You are blacke, how will that agree?
Mo. *Cupid* is faire, and Mounſieur is blacke, why Mounſieur
Is blacke den, and *Cupid* is faire, what is dat? a faire
Lady love de ſervant of the blacke
Complexion de ban eur, the colour is not de muſh,
Vulcan was de blacke Smith, and *Cupid* may be de
Blacke gentleman his ſonne legitimate.
Am. Tis de way to make *Cupid* the boy no baſtard.
Mo. But doe you no publiſh this invention, me meete you
At de Ball armed with quiver, and de bow.
Ho. You wonot ſhoote us, I hope youle ſpare our hearts.
Mo. Begar me ſhit you if me can, and your arts ſhall
Bleed one, two, tree, gallowne adieu Madame
Serviter gentlemen treſemble.
Am. Adieu Mounſieur, now Madam with your favour,
I muſt renew my ſuite.
Ho. Yad better buy a new onē,
Nay then we ſhall be troubled. *Exit.*
Am. Youle withdraw,
Ile follow you.
Ma. Come, come I know you lovē me.
Ro. You may enlarge your folly my deare knight,
But I have pardoned you for love already.
Ma. This ſhannot ſerve your turne, I came hither
Not to be jeered, and one of you ſhall lovē me. *Exit.*

Enter Boſtocke, Lady Lucina and Scutilla.

Luc. Oh impudence dares he returne.
Scu. It ſeemes ſo.
Bo. Moſt gracious Madam, my coſin your Lord *Loveall*
Commends himſelfe in blacke and white.
Luc. To me? *Bo.* Dee thinke tis from my ſelfe.
Scu. You might ha dont in blacke and blew.
Bo. *Scutilla* how does thy poore ſoule, thou
Haſt no husband nor children to commend me to.
Scu. The poore ſoule's well, I hope your body is

Recover'd

Recover'd, dos not your left cheeke burne ſtill,
We ha ſo talkt on you?
Luc. I am ſorry any gentleman that has relation to me ſhould
Be ſo forgetfull of your honor, & his own, but though he have
Forfited opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts?
I have ſent you a ſmall jewell to expiate my offence for
Commending him, I expect your Ladiſhip at the Ball,
Where you ſhall make many happie to kiſſe your hand,
And in their number the true admirer of your vertue,
My Lord is honourable.
Bo. A ſlight jewell Madam. *Loveall.*
Luc. I am his ſervant.
Bo. Nay faith my Lord is right, I ha not met
The Coronell ſince you know when.
Sc. You ha more reaſon to remember.
Bo. I would be ſo bold to aske you a queſtion.
Luc. In the meane time give me leave, we are none
But friends, I know y'are valliant.
Bo. No, no, you doe not know't, but I know my ſelfe.
Scu. Thats more.
Luc. But will you anſwer me? why did not you ſtrike him (agen?
Scu. That might ha caus'd blood.
Bo. Y'are ith right. *Luc.* You did not feare him.
Bo. But blood are not a like, termes were not even,
If I had kill'd him there had beene an end.
Luc. Of him.
Bo. Right Madam, but if he had wounded me,
He might ha kill'd, heaven knowes how many.
Scu. Strange?
Bo. D'ee not conceive it? ſo many drops of mine,
So many gentlemen, nay more, who knowes
Which of theſe might ha beene a Knight, a Lord.
Luc. Perhaps a Prince.
Bo. Princes came from the blood,
And ſhould I hazard ſuch a ſeveration
Againſt a ſingle life, tis not I feare
To fight with him by theſe hills, but what wiſe gameſter
Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd ſixe pence?

Scu.

Scu. Madam, the Coronell.
Bo. And he were ten Coronells, Ile not endure his company,
Sweete Lady, you and Ile retire.
Scu. And were lesse honourable.
Bo. He should not seeke me then.
Sc. He should rather hardly find you, Ime your servant. *Exi.*

Enter Coronell.

Luc. I was wishing for you sir,
Your judgement of these Diamonds.
Co. The stones are pretty.
Luc. They were a Lords, sent me for a token,
You cannot chuse but know him, the Lord *Loveall.*
Co. So, so, so, I am like to speede.
Luc. Is not he a pretty gentleman?
Co. And you are sure hee's honest?
Luc. As Lords goe now adayes that are
In fashion;
But cry you mercy, you ha put me in minde,
I did propound a businesse to you sir.
Co. And I came prepar'd to answer you.
Luc. Tis very well, Ile call one to be a witnesse.
Co. That was not I remember in our Covenant,
You shannot neede. *Luc.* Ile fetch you a booke to sware by.
Co. Let it be *Venus* and *Adonis* then,
Or *Ovids* wanton Elegies, Aristotles
Problemes, Guy of Warwicke, or Sr. Beavis,
Or if there be a Play Booke you Love better,
Ile take my oath upon your Epilogue.
Luc. Y'are very merry, well, sweare how you please.
Co. In good time,
You doe expect now I should sweare Ime honest?
Luc. Yes sir, and tis no hard condition,
If you reflect upon my promise.
Co. What?
Luc. To marry you, which act must make you Lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession,
Some men have gone to hell for a lesse matter.
Co. But I wonot be damn'd for twenty thousand

Such as you are, and every one a million,
And I the authoritie of a Parliament
To marry wo'yee all, I wod not buy
This flesh now I ha sworne. *Luc.* I thinke so Coronell,
Blesse me? twenty thousand wives, two'd nere
Come to my turne, and you'd not live to give
The tithe benevolence.
Co. They would finde Pages, fooles, or Gentlemen-Vshers.
Luc. Then upon the matter,
You being not willing sir to take your oath,
I may be confident you are not honest.
Co. Why looke upon me Lady, and consider
With some discretion what part about me
Does looke so tame you should suspect me honest,
How old dee thinke I am?
Luc. I guesse at thirty.
Co. Some ith' world doubted me not so much,
At thirteene I was ever plumpe and forward,
My drie Nurse swore at seven, I kist like one
Of five and twenty, setting that a side,
Whats my profession? *Luc.* A Souldier
Co. So examine a whole army, and finde one
Souldier that hates a handsome woman, we cannot march
Without our bagge and baggages, and is it possible,
When we come home where womens pride, and all
Temptation to wantonesse abounds
We should lose our activitie?
Lu. You souldiers are brave fellowes.
Co. When we have our pay,
We vow no chastitie till we marry, Lady
Tis out of fashion indeede with gentlemen
To be honest, and of age together tis sufficient,
We can provide to take our pleasures too,
Without infection, a sound body is
A treasure I can tell you, yet if that
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple
To sweare, but otherwise you must pardon us
As we must pardon you. *Luc.* Vs sir.
Co. Yes you, as if you Ladies had not your fagaries,

And martiall discipline, as well as wē,
Your outworkes, and redoubts, your court of guard,
Your centries, and perdues, sallies, retreates,
Pasties, and stratagems, women are all honest,
Yes, yes, exceeding honest; let mē aske you
One question, Ile not put you to your oath,
I doe allow you Hide-Parke, and Spring-Garden,
You have a recreation called the Ball,
A device transported hither by some Ladies
That affect Tenice, what dee play a set?
Theres a foule racket kept under the line,
Strange words are bandied, and strange revells Madam.
Luc. The world imagines so. *Co.* Nay, y'are all talk'd of.
Luc. But if men had no more wit, and honesty,
They wod let fall their stings on something else,
This is discours'd, but when Corantaes faile,
Or newes at ordinaries, when the phlegmaticke Dutch
Ha tane no Fisher-boates, or our Cole-ships land
Safe at *New-Castle*, y'are fine gentlemen,
But to conclude of that we met for your honesty,
Not justified by an oath, as I expected,
Is now suspended, will you sweare yet.
Co. Why, I thought you had beene a Christian? widdow
Have I not told you enough, you may meete one
Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
Some Silke-worme oth' Cittie, or the Court,
There be enough will sweare away their soule
For your estate, but I have no such purpose,
The warres will last I hope.
Luc. So so, *Scutilla.* *Enter Scutilla.*
You were present when I promis'd thē Coronell,
To be his wife upon condition,
He could secure my opinion by his oath,
That he was honest, I am bound in honour
Not to goe backe, y'ave done it, I am yours sir,
Be you a witnesse to this solemne contract.
Co. Are you in earnest Lady, I ha not sworne.
Luc. You have given better truth,
He that can make this conscience of an oath
Assures his honesty.

Co. In minde. *Luc.* Whats past
I question not, if for the time to come
Your love be vertuous to me. *Co.* Most religious,
Or let me live the Souldiers dishonour,
And die the scorne of gentlemen, I ha not
Space enough in my heart to entertaine thee.
Luc. Is not this better than swearing?
Co. I confesse it. *Luc.* Now I may call you husband?
Co. No title can more honour me.
Luc. If please you Ile shew you then my children.
Co. How, your children?
Luc. I ha sixe that call me mother. *Co.* Hast, faith?
Luc. The elder may want softnesse to acknowledge you,
But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
To aske your blessing, does this trouble you?
Co. Trouble me? no, but it is the first newes Lady
Of any children. *Luc.* Nay, they are not like
To be a burden to us, they must trust
To their owne portions left 'em by their father.
Co. Where. *Luc.* But of my estate, I cannot keepe
Any thing from 'em, and I know you are
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the Orphans,
Tis but sixe thousand pound in money Coronell
Among them all, beside some trifling plate
And jewels worth a thousand more. *Co.* No more?
Luc. My Ioynture will be firme to us, two hundred
Per annum. *Co.* Is it so? and that will keepe
A Country house, some halfe a dozen Cowes,
We shall ha cheese and butter-milke, one horse
Will serve me, and your man to ride to markets.
Luc. Canst be content to live ith' country Coronell?
Co. And watch the Pease, looke to the Hay, and talke
Of Oates and Stubble, I ha beene brought up too't,
And for a need can thrash.
Luc. That will save somewhat.
Co. Ith yeere, beside my skill in farrowing pigs,
Oh tis a holsome thing to hold the plough,
And wade up to the calfe ith' dirty furrowes,

Worse than sleeping in a trench, or quagmire,
You ha not heard me whistle yet. *Luc.* No indeede.
Co. Why? theres it, shee does counterfeit, well Lady,
Be you in jeast or earnest, this is my
Resolution Ile marry you, and y'ad forty children,
And not a foote of land to your Ioynture, heaven
Will provide for's, and we doe our endeavours,
Where be the children, come how many boyes.
Luc. As many as you can get sir. *Co.* How?
Luc. No more.
Since y'are so noble, know I tried your patience,
And now I am confirm'd, my estate is yours
Without the weight of children or of debts,
Love me, and I repent not. *Co.* Saist thou so?
I wod we had a Priest here.
Luc. There remaines to take away one scruple.
Co. Another gimcracke.
Luc. I have none; tis your doubt sir,
And ere we marry you shall be convinc'd
Some mallice has corrupted your opinion
Of that we call the Ball.
Co. Your dancing businesse.
Luc. I will intreate your company to night,
Where your owne eyes shall leade you to accuse
Or vindicate our fames. *Co.* With all my heart.
Scu. Madam, Mr. *Bostocke*
Expects within. *Luc.* You shall be reconcil'd to him.
Co. With *Bostocke* willingly, then toth Ball,
Which for your sake I dare not now suspect,
Where union of hearts such Empire brings,
Subjects methinks are crown'd as well as Kings. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Mounsieur and servants with perfumes.

Moun. BOne forbone, here a little, dere a little more, my Lord hire dis house of the citie Merchent, begar It smell musty, and he will have all sweete for de

Ladies, perfume, perfume every corner presently
For dere is purpose to make all smoke anon
Begar; *Enter Lady Rosomond and Honoria.*
Treshumble serviter Madam. *Ho.* Where is my Lord?
Moun. Hee waite on you presently Mounsieur de *Freshwater.*
Fr. Mounsieur *Le Friske* these Ladies were pleas'd
To command my attendance hither.
Moun. Welcome to de Ball, par ma foy
You pardon Mounsieur, I have much trouble
In my little head, I can no stay to
Complement, *a vostre servire.* *Exit.*
Fre. In all my travells, I have not seene a more
Convenient Structure.
Ro. Now you talke of your travells Signior, till my Lord
Come you shall doe us a speciall favour to
Discourse what passages you ha seene abroad.
Ho. Were you ever abroad before Signior.
Fre. I hardly ever was at home, and yet
All countries lost wiseman are his owne?
Did you never travell Ladies,
Ro. We are no Ladies errant, tis enough
For such as you, that looke for State employment.
Fre. Yet there be Ladies ha your languages,
And married to great men prove the better Statesmen.
Ro. We have heard talke of many countries.
Fre. And you may heare talke, but give me the man
That has measur'd 'em, talkes but talke.
Ho. Have you seene a fairer Citie than *London*?
Fre. *London* is nothing. *Ro.* How nothing?
Fre. To what it will be a hundred yeares hence.
Ro. I have heard much talke of *Paris.*
Ho. You have beene there Imé sure. *Enter Lord.*
Fre. I tell you Madame, I tooke shipping at
Gravesend, and had no sooner past
The Cantons, and Grissons, making some stay
In the Valtoline, but I came to *Paris* a pretty
Hamlet, and much in the scituation like *Dunstable,*
Tis in the Province of *Alcontora,* some three leagues

Distant

Distant from *Civill*, from whence we have our Oringes.
Lo. Is the fellow mad?
Ro. I have heard *Civill* is in *Spaine*.
Fre. You may heare many things,
The people are ciuill that live in *Spaine*, or there
May be one towne like another, but if *Civill*
Be not in *France*, I was never at *Civill* in my life.
Ho. Proceede Sir.
Fre. Doe not I know *Paris*, it was built by the yongest Son
Of King *Priam*, and was call'd by his name, yet some
Call it *Lutetia*, because the gentlewomen there
Play so well upon the Lute.
Lo. What a Rascall is this?
Fr. Here I observ'd many remarkeable buildings, as the
Vniversitie, which some call the Loure, where the
Students made very much of me, and carried me
To the Beare-garden, where I saw a play on the
Banke-side, a very pretty Comedy call'd Martheme,
In *London*.
Ro. Ist possible?
Fre. But there be no such Comedians as we have here,
Yet the women are the best Actors, they play
Their owne parts, a thing much desir'd in *England*
By some Ladies, Innes a Court Gentlemen, and others,
But that by the way.
Ho. See Sir.
Fre. I had staid longer there, but I was offended with a
Vil'anous sent of Onions, which the winde brought from
St. *Omers*. *Ro.* Onions wod make you sleepe well.
Fre. But the sent tis not to be endured, I smelt
On 'em when I came to *Rome*, and hardly scap'd the
Inquisition fort.
Ho. Were you at *Rome* too Signior.
Fre. Tis in my way to *Venice*, Ile tell you Madam I was very
Loth to leave their country. *Ro.* Which Country?
Fre. Where was I last? *Ho.* In *France*.
Fre. Right, for I had a very good Inne, where mine Host
Was a notable good fellow, and a Cardinall.

Ro.

Ro. How a Cardinall, oh impudence.
Fr. Oh the catches we ſang, and his wife a pretty woman,
And one that warmes a bed one oth' beſt in Europe.
Ho. Did you ever heare the like.
Ro. I did before ſuſpect him.
Fr. But mine Hoſt. *Ho.* The Cardinall. (thing
Fr. Right, had a ſhrew'd pate, and his eares were ſome-
O'th longeſt, for one upon the oath of a w ——
Walloune that —— from *Spaine* to the *Low-Countries*, and the other from *Lapland* into *Germany*.
Ro. Say you ſo.
Fr. A parlous head, and yet loving to his gueſts,
As mine hoſt *Bankes*, as red in the gills, and as merry
A ——but anger him, and hee ſets all Chriſtendome
Together by the eares, well ſhortly after I left
France, and ſayling along the *Alpes*, I came to
Lombardy, where I left my cloke, for it was very
Hot travelling, and went a Pilgrim to *Rome*
Where I ſaw the Tombs, and a Play in *Pompeys*
Theater, here I was kindely entertain'd by an anchorite,
In whoſe chamber I lay, and driuke Cider.
Lo. Nay, now he is deſperate.
Ho. Doe not interrupt him. (hence
Fre. What ſhould I trouble you with many ſtories? from
I went to *Naples*, a ſoft kinde of people, and cloth'd
In ſilke, from thence I went to *Florence* from whence we
Have the art of working cuſtards, which we call
Florentines, *Millan* a rich ſtate of
Haberdaſhers, Permount, where I had excellent Veniſon,
And *Padua*, famous for the pads, or eaſie ſaddles
Which our phyſitions ride upon, and firſt brought from
Thence when they commenſt Doctor.
Ro. Very good.
Fr. I ſee little in *Mantua*, beſide dancing upon the ropes,
Onely their ſtrong beere, better than any I
Ever drunke at the Trumpet, but *Venice* of all
The Champion Countries, do not miſtake they are the
Valianteſt gentlemen under the Sunne.

Ro. Is that it? *Fr.* O the *Catazaners* wē turn'd there,
Ho. Who was wee yee?
Fr. Two or three magnifico's grandees of thē Statē,
We tickled 'em in the very *Pialto*, by the ſame
Token two or three *Engliſh* ſpies told us they had laine
Leger three moneths to ſteale away the *Piatzo*, and ſhip
It for *Covent-Garden*, a pretty fabricke and building
Vpon the —— but I was compell'd to make
Short ſtay here by reaſon of the Dukes Concubines
Fell in love wee me, gave me a ring of his, outof
A ſolide Diamonde, which afterwards I loſt waſhing my
Hands in the ſalt water.
Ho. You ſhould ha fiſh'd fort, and as good lucke as
She that found her wedding ring in the
Haddocks belly.
Fr. No, there was no ſtaying, I tooke poſt horſe preſently
For *Genoa*, and from thence to *Madrill*, and ſo to
The *Netherlands*.
Ro. And how ſped you among the *Dutch*?
Fr. Why, we were drunk every day together, they gēt their
Living by it. *Ho.* By drinking?
Fr. And making bargaines in their tippling,
The *Iewes* are innocent, nay the devill himſelfe
Is but a Dunce to 'em, of whoſe trade they are.
Ho. Whats that?
Fr. They fiſh, they fiſh ſtill, who can helpe it, they
Have nets enough, and may catch the Province
In time then let the Kingdomes looke about 'em,
They can't be idle, and they have one advantage
Of all the world, theyle ha no conſcience to trouble
'Em, I heard it whiſpered they want butter, they have
A Deſigne to charme the *Indies*, and remove their
Darie, but that as a ſecret, ſhall goe no further;
I caught a ſurfet of Bore in *Holland*, upon my
Recovery I went to *Flaſhing*, where I met with a handſomē
Froe, with whom I went to *Middleborough*, by the ——
And left her drunke at *Roterdam*, there I tooke
Shipping againe for *France*, from thence to *Dover*,

From *Dover* to *Graveſend*, from *Graveſend* to *Queenes Hive*, and from thence to what I am come to.

Lo. And noble Signior you are very welcome.

Fr. I hope he did not over-heare me.

Lo. I am much honor'd Ladies in your preſence.

Fr. Abſence had beene a ſinne my Lord where you Were pleas'd to invite. *Enter Mounſieur.*

Moun. Fie, fie, my Lord give me one eare.

He whiſpers with my Lord.

Lo. Interrupt me no more good Mourſieur.

Fr. Mounſieur *La Friske*, a word, a word, I beſeech you; No *excuſer moy*. *Exit Freſh. and Moun.*

Lo. Have you thought Ladies of your abſent ſervant? Within whoſe heart the civill warre of love,

Ro. May end in a ſoft peace. *Lo.* Excellent, Lady!

Ho. We had armies too my Lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lo. And are you agreed to which I muſt devote My loving ſervice, and which is wiſeſt, faireſt, Is it concluded yet? *Ho.* You did propound A hard Province, and we could not Determine as you expected, but if Your flame be not extinct, we have devis'd Another way. *Lo.* You make my ambition happy, And indeede I was thinking twas impoſſible That two ſuch beauties ſhould give place to either; And I am ſtill that humble notary To both your loves.

Ro. Then this we have made lots, That what we cannot, fate may ſoone divide, And we are fixt to obey our deſtinie, There is but two, one and your wiſhes guide you.

Lo. And will you ſatisfie my chance. *Ho.* We ſhould Be elſe unjuſt.

Lo. What method ſhall we uſe?

Ro. Your hat my Lord, If you vouchſafe the favour?

Ho. Dare you expoſe your head to the ayre ſo long?

Lo. Moſt willingly put in. *Ro.* There is Fortune.

Ho.

Ho. That draw which quickly tell how much I love you.
Lo. So, so now let me see, I commend your device,
Since I am uncapable of both,
This is a way indeede, but your favour.
Ro. Lets have faire play my Lord.
Lo. What foole is he?
That having the choise of Mistresses will be
Confinde to one, and rob himselfe, I am yet
The favorite of both these, is no policy,
I could make shift with both abed.
Ro. You are merry?
Lo. In troth, and so I am, and in the minde
I am in, will give my selfe no cause toth' contrary,
Dee see? Ile draw you both. *Ho.* How? both.
Lo You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd,
Ile be content to marry one, and doe
Service to th' others peticote, I must tell you,
I am not without president.
Ho. There you triumph.
Lo. Within the name of *Venus*, —— ha a blanke,
By this light nothing, neither name nor marke.
Both. Ha, ha, ha. *Lo.* This is a riddle yet.
Ro. Tis quickly solv'd,
Your Lordship was too confident,
We never were at such a losse my Lord,
As with the hazard of our wit or honour
To court you with so desperate affection.
Ho. By our example know, some Ladies may
Commend, nay love a gentleman, and yet
Be safe in their owne thoughts, and see as farre
As modesty, and honour will allow us,
We are still servants to your Lordship,
Lo. Say so? why looke you Ladies that you may perceive,
How I can be temperate too; first, I thanke you
Heartily, and to recompence your wit;
Present another Lottery, you shannot
Suspect I have a thought that will betray
Your innocence to scandall, let me intreate

You take your chancē too, this for you Madam,
And this is left your fortune, doe me honour
To weare these paire of Iewells for my sake,
So with a confidence of your happy pardon,
To what is past hereafter I shall pay
To your true vertues, better service then
So unnecessary trialls.
[*Ro.* And to shew
We are not coy my Lord, weele weare your Iewell.
Lo. And be their ornament.

Enter Rainebow, Coronell, Bostoke.

Co. All happinesse to your Lordship,
Your cruells are not full set noble Ladies. wells
Lo. Your presence will soone make us active, Madam.
I was bold. *Bo.* She has your Diamond my Lord.
Lo. And can you pardon?
Bo. Nay, nay, we are friends, are
We not Madam?
Luc. I were else unmercifull.
Bo. The Coronell too has given me satisfaction.
Co. I thinke you had enough.
Bo. As much as I desir'd, and heres my hand,
While I can draw a sword command me. *Co.* What?
Bo. To put it up agen, all friends, all friends,
A poxe a quarrelling. *Co.* I kisse your hand sir.
Bo. Kisse my hand, kisse my ——— noble Ladies here.
Co. Why is Musicke silent all this while?
Has it no voyce to bid these Ladies welcome?

A golden Ball descends, Enter Venus and Cupid.

Ve. Come Boy now draw thy powerfull Bow.
Here are Ladies hearts enough
To be transfixt, this meeting is
To ruffle Ladies, and to kisse,
These are my Orgies, from each eye,
A thousand wanton glances flie;
Lords, and Ladies of the Game,
Each brest be full of my owne flame:
Why shootes not *Cupid*? these are all,

One honeſt thought among the whole Sex of you,
Dee laugh, looſe witted Ladies, there are not
In hell ſuch furies, that's a comfort yet
To him that ſhall goe thither, he ſhall have
Leſſe torment after death then he findes here.
Lo. Why *Barker*?
Ba. Your wit has got the ſquirte too, Ile traduce
Your Ball for this, and if there be a poſt,
That dares write miſchiefe, looke to be worſe
Then executed. *Exit.*
Lo. He will come to himſelfe agen, when he hath purg'd
Freſhwater.

Enter Sir *Stephen, and* Sir *Lionell.*

Ste. Madam your ſervants begge this favour from you.
Ro. What iſt?
Ste. That ſince your reſolutions will admit
No change of hearts you will not publiſh how
We ha beene jeer'd.
Ro. Not jeer'd, but you came on ſo deſperate.
Ho. We love our owne when we preſerve,
Gentlemens honour.
Co. Then lets toſſe the Ball.
Lo. Signior *Freſhwater.*
Fr. Mercy and ſilence as you are honourable.
Lo. May it concerne theſe gentlemen.
Fr. Why if I muſt gentlemen, you imagine I ha beene
At *Venice*, but I ſtaid at *Graveſend*
All this Summer expecting a winde, and finding it
So uncertaine, will deferre the voyage till the Spring,
I am not the firſt whom the windes, and ſeas have croſt.
Ste. Then you have croſt no Sea?
Fr. If you pleaſe, Ile require
But my principall, and for your good company,
Ile ſtay at home for good, and all to be merry.
Lo. Nay, nay, you ſhall goe your voyage,
We wod not have you loſe the benefit
Of travell, when you come home, you may ſummon
Your debters by a drumme, and ſhewing your bagge

Of certificates.

Bo. Receive your money when you can get it, and be Knighted.

Fr. I thanke you gentlemen, I am in a way now,
I have sold my land, and put out my mony
To live I see my heart wonot dance to night,
I may to *Gravesend* in the morning,
I can be but pickled in salt water, and Ile
Venture one drowning to be reveng'd
Agen, agen, set, set.

A Dance.

Luc. What thinke you of all this?

Co. To my wishes, an innocent, and generous recreation.

Lo. Ladies and Gentlemen, now a banquet waites you,
Be pleas'd to accept, twill give you breath and then,
Renew our Revells, and toth' Ball agen.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.